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3rd Peter Parker



Edward Wheelwright's given to him
by his Aunt Caroline. June 3^d. 1830—







THE BIRDS NEST.

PETER PARLEY'S

JUVENILE TALES.

A NEW YEAR'S PRESENT FOR CHILDREN.

BOSTON: CARTER & HENDEE.
1830.

DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS.—*to wit :*

District Clerk's Office.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the first day of December, A. D. 1829, in the fifty-fourth year of the Independence of the United States of America, CARTER & HENDEE, of the said district, have deposited in this office the title of a book the right whereof they claim as proprietors, in the words following, *to wit :*

“Peter Parley’s Juvenile Tales. A New-Year’s Present for Children.”

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JNO. W. DAVIS, { *Clerk of the District
of Massachusetts.*

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE stories in this volume were written at intervals, and have recently come before the public in detached numbers. From the favorable reception they have met with, separately, it is thought that in their present combined form they will have more than common claims to a place in the child's library.

CONTENTS.

The Bird's Nest.	The Little Prisoners.
The Faithful Dog.	The Mocking Bird.
The Little Soldiers.	The Mask.
The Little Drummer.	The Little Sailor.

THE
BIRD'S NEST.

Well, if you will be good children
I will tell you of the Bird's Nest.

There was once a gentleman who
had a beautiful field near his house.
On one of the trees in this field, for
several successive years, a couple of
robins, built their nest. When the

winter was passed away with its snow and its dreary winds ; and the green grass was already springing up in the meadows, the two robins were always heard on their favorite tree. Early in the morning, one of them would ascend to the highest bough, where he would pour forth his lively little song, and at evening he would again take his lofty seat, and repeat the same strain, with al-

most endless variations. While one of the birds was singing, the other would sit in the tree and listen, and no doubt both of the birds understood the song perfectly well. I cannot tell exactly what the little songster said, but I will make a song, which I suppose may resemble that of the robin.

See ! here it is ! I hope you will learn it, and say it to your parents.

THE ROBIN'S SONG.

Cold Winter's winds are passed
away,

Spring's gentle breezes round us
play,

The snow that pressed the sleeping
flowers,

Is melted into gentle showers.

The ice that bound the laughing
rills,

Is leaping joyous down the hills ;

The violets now with timid looks,
Are springing round the babbling
 brooks,

The fields resume their dress of
 green,

And pleasure brightens o'er the
 scene.

The happy hours, the happy hours,
Of opening leaves and blushing
 flowers,

Have come, and we may build our
nest,
And sing our song, and thus be blest.

At early dawn, at gentle even,
We pour our thankful notes to
heaven.

We sing to listening birds around,
And tell the pleasures we have found;
We mount the air with whistling
wing,

We quench our thirst beside the
spring,

We steal the dew drops from the
rose,

And mid the flowers we seek repose.

The happy hours, the happy hours,
Of opening leaves and blushing
flowers,

Have come and we may build our
nests,

And sing our song and be at rest.

Something like the feelings here expressed, belong, perhaps, to the robin, when he sings his song in the spring.

Well, the birds I spoke of, returned as usual to their favorite tree and built their nest. It was in the same place, where for four summers they had hatched their little ones. There were now four young robins in the

nest, when three children chanced to be passing by.

Two of the children were girls and one of them was a boy. As the children approached the tree, the robins were alarmed for the safety of their little ones, and began to fly about and cry in great agitation. The boy noticed this, and looking up to the tree, he discovered the nest. He took off his coat and immediately ascended the tree to the place where

it was. If you will look to the beginning of the book, you will see a picture of the scene.

Oh ! how pitifully did the parents of the little robins cry and scream, round the cruel boy. But he heeded them not. He tore the nest from its place, and handed it to the largest of the girls. She took it, and they carried it, with the four little robins away.

The parents of the young robins,

followed the children wailing as if their hearts would break. But it was all in vain. The children took the young robins into the house, and fed them, but in a few days the poor creatures all died. The two robins, their parents, after staying about a week around the tree where they had built their nests and reared their young ones for four summers, left the spot and never returned to it again.

It is a cruel thing thus wantonly to rob the poor birds of their nests, and I hope none of my little readers will be so hard hearted as to do so. It is delightful to see the birds building their nests, and feeding their young ones; they seem so industrious, and so fond of their children, and so happy in their employment, that none but cruel or unfeeling persons can wish to turn their pleasure into mourning.





THE FAITHFUL DOG.

THE

FAITHFUL DOG.

Very well, I will now tell you of Henry and his faithful dog.

There was once a young man, whose name was Henry; and he had a dog, whose name was Trusty. Henry was very fond of rambling in the woods, and climbing over the rocks and hills.

He always took his dog Trusty with him, for Trusty kept running and jumping about, barking at the quails and partridges, and hunting after squirrels and rabbits. It was delightful to see the dog, all life and activity, now dive into the bushes, and now scamper across an open field ; now splash into a brook, and now climb up the rocks almost as swift as a bird ! Then he would

come bounding to his master, lick his hand, jump up in his face, and away he would run again, seeming as gay and happy as possible.

It was not, therefore, strange that Henry always took Trusty with him in his rambles. The dog seemed like a friend to him, and he did not feel alone with Trusty by his side, when he was far away in the woods, or among the mountains.

One day Henry had gone far from his home. It was the beautiful season of spring. The birds were singing on the trees; the flowers were blossoming in the meadows; the leaves were beginning to clothe the woods in green, and all around seemed lovely and pleasant.

Henry had set out early in the morning, and Trusty went barking and jumping by his side. He was already on the hill, when the sun

was rising. It is beautiful to be in the country in spring, when the sun comes up! Before the sun yet appears, the robin is on the top of the tree singing his song ; the larks, and blackbirds, and chipping birds, and martins, are all awake, and seem to be talking to each other as fast as they can. The grass is sparkling with dew, the vallies are white with mist, and the air is sweet with the smell of flowers.

I recommend it to all my little readers, when they happen to be in the country in spring, to go upon the hills, and see the sun rise. But they should not go alone. They should get some person to go with them, and take care of them, lest they should meet with some bad accident.

Well, Henry went out early in the morning, as I said before. He

went first to the top of a high hill, and looked down into a deep valley below it. The valley was covered with a white mist, which looked like a lake. It was exceedingly beautiful. Henry paused and looked at it for a long time. Then he went along till he came to a river. It was a clear stream, and he could see the little fishes playing in it. Then he passed through a mead-

ow, and thousands of flowers were opening their buds. And then he passed into the woods, and many birds were singing on the trees, and sailing in the air ; and then he climbed up a steep mountain and looked far and wide over the meadows, and woods, and waters. He was standing on a high rock, from which he could see on one side many hills, and villages, and plains. On the oth-

er was a deep chasm, or valley, between the rocks, in which the eagles, crows and owls, were flying about.

Henry was delighted with the scene. He could not be content till he had reached the top of the mountain, and so he continued to climb higher and higher. At length he was on the very highest part of the mountain. His dog was by his side. He stood on a rock that overhung the steep. Suddenly his foot slip-

ped, and he fell far down to the bottom of the rock!

Alas, poor Henry! The fall was nearly fatal to him. His dog ran to him, but Henry was insensible.— Poor Trusty barked as if his heart would break, but no one came to his help. The day passed away, and evening came. The wild fox and the vultures came around the body of poor Henry, but his faithful dog drove them away.

All night Trusty lay watching by his master, often barking and howling, and thus endeavoring to call some one to his aid. In the morning, some persons, in search of Henry, heard the voice of the dog, and were thus able to find his master. He was carefully carried home, and after a long time, he got well. Thus you see, good faithful Trusty, saved the life of his master.

Let this story, my little readers, furnish you with an example of faithfulness to a friend. Trusty was indeed only a dog. But Trusty did not leave his master and friend in misfortune. So, my little readers, may you be ever true to your friends, and if any of you are at any time unfortunate or in danger, may you have some sure and kind friend to protect and save you.



THE LITTLE SOLDIERS.

THE

LITTLE SOLDIERS.

Boys are very fond of imitating men. So it is very common for them to dress up with gay clothes, some with caps on their heads, some with wooden swords, some with wooden guns, and one with a kettle

for a drum; and then they march about, and imagine that they make a fine display. Just look at the picture at the beginning of the book, and see how smart those three little fellows feel!

This is all very pleasant, certainly. But it is quite another thing to be a real soldier, and go to the wars. I have been in the wars myself, and let me tell you, it is a pleasant mat-

ter to talk about when it is all over, but it is not very agreeable to go into a battle.

I suppose you don't know what a battle is. I will tell you. Two armies come together in a field. An army is a great many soldiers, some on horses and some on foot. Some have guns, and some have swords, and some have cannon. Well, the two armies are led by men with tall feathers in their hats. The two ar-

mies come near together, and fire their guns at each other.

Then the field is covered with smoke ; the guns flash and roar ; the horses rush across the field ; the drums beat, the fifes scream, the bullets whistle, and the soldiers fall to the ground, some of them wounded and some of them dead !

At length one of the armies is beaten, and they go away from the field. The other army remains.—

Oh, what sad sights are to be seen where a battle has been fought! The poor soldiers lie scattered over the field, some of them already dead, and some of them dying. The ground is torn with the cannon shot, the trees are cut and scarred by the bullets, the sod is crushed by the hoofs of the horses, and the grass is stained with blood.

This is a very sad story I am telling you ; and I am sorry men ever

go to war. But wicked men will sometimes do wrong, and good men are therefore sometimes obliged to defend themselves. But little boys, with wooden swords and wooden guns, have no idea of hurting each other. With them, being soldiers is all a matter of sport. And I sincerely hope none of you, my little readers, will ever have occasion to see a real battle.

I will now tell you a story of a little boy who was found on the field, after a battle. He was about four years old ; and a very handsome boy he was. He said his name was Henry ; and he had a gold chain around his neck ; but he could not tell where he came from, or who was his father. He cried piteously for his father and mother, but none could tell him where they were. It

was believed that his father had been killed in the battle. So one of the captains took the little boy with him, and had him taken good care of.

Little Henry grew up to be a young man, and he became a soldier. He was then sent to the wars with some other soldiers. At length a battle came on. Henry was at first afraid, but he soon gained cour-

age. He fought bravely. The two armies came close together. The men struggled with each other. But poor Henry was wounded, and he fell senseless upon the ground.

At length Henry awoke. He was in a room, and not on the battle ground, as he thought ; and a kind woman sat watching by him. There was also a man by his side, who looked at him with great interest.

Now who do you think these people were ? I will tell you. They were the father and mother of Henry !

I suppose you wonder how they found out their son. This also I will tell you. Henry lay wounded on the field. Henry's mother was going by, and she saw the gold chain around Henry's neck. She knew the chain, and thus discovered her son.

But pray how did Henry get lost when he was a boy? His father lived near the field of battle. He went out to fight, and left Henry at home. His mother was sick, and Henry wandered to the battle field. His father was wounded; his mother was carried away, and the little boy was thus left to wander and get lost. His parents did not hear of him, and thought him dead.

I need not tell you how happy Henry was to find his father and mother. He soon got well from his wounds, and when they came to be old people, he was very kind to them, and seemed as happy in taking care of them, and in endeavoring to make them comfortable, as they could have been in taking care of him when a child.

So I have finished my story, and you must let me go. Good bye !



THE LITTLE DRUMMER.

THE
LITTLE DRUMMER.

I will tell you now about the little Drummer. But you must in the first place look at the picture of him, asleep on his drum, and his dog sitting up like a judge by his side. The picture is at the beginning of the book.

Here the little Drummer lies,
With his head on his drum ;
He has closed his sleepy eyes,
And his prattling mouth is dumb.

All the morning he has beat
His drum, and marched about,
Till his busy little feet,
Are quite tired out.

Now the grass is his bed,
And his pillow is a drum ;
But his weary little head,
Finds it sweeter than a plumb.

The dog sits watching by
Looking very wise and crank;
But he keeps a careful eye
On his little master Frank.

If another dog should dare
To disturb his quiet dose,
Tray would surely pull his hair,
And perhaps pull his nose.

For a faithful dog is Tray,
And he loves his little friend,
And when others are away,
He is present to defend.

One day this little child
Who on his drum reposes,
Along a stream was wiled,
By the butterflies and roses.

The flashing brook was bright,
And like a mirror seemed,
And in its waters bright,
The mimic roses beamed.

Now his little hand he dipped,
To catch the roses gay,
And wondered that they slipped
From his fingers all away.

Then he struck the waters blue,
And laughed to see the bubbles ;
And the pleasant moments flew,
Without cares or troubles.

But delusive was his joy,
As the mock roses beam ;
For the thoughtless little boy
Fell deeply in the stream !

Like an arrow from the bow,
Tray sprang from the bank,
And swiftly plunged below,
To save little Frank !

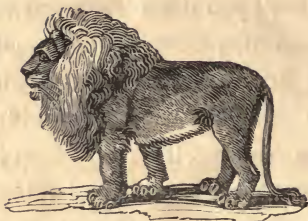
A moment passed away,
And the ruffled waves subside ;
Then bravely rises Tray,
With his burthen on the tide !

Now he swims to the shore,
With the poor dripping boy,
And the danger all o'er,
Tray leaps about for joy.

For a faithful dog is Tray,
And he loves his little friend ;
And when others are away,
He is present to defend.

Don't you think Tray was an excellent dog ? He was so indeed, and little Frank was very kind to him. The poor boy would have been drowned, if Tray had not jumped into the water and pulled him out.

I hope you like this story of the little drummer and his dog ; but as it is a short story, I will tell you a story about a lion. Over the leaf is a picture of a lion. See how bold he looks.



The lion is a very strong animal ; and when angry, he is terrible. He roams about in woods, and when hungry, he will spring upon a horse, and tear him in pieces. Sometimes the lion roars very loud, and his

voice sounds fearfully through the forest.

But the lion has some noble qualities. When a person has been kind to him, he is said to remember it, and be grateful for it. I will tell you a curious story about a lion.

There was once a man who treated his servant, or slave, so cruelly, that he ran away into the woods. Afraid of being pursued, he crept into a cavern. This cavern was a lion's den ! The lion came towards

the man: the man expected instantly to be torn in pieces; but it was not so.

The lion's foot was wounded and bloody. The lion held up his foot to the man, and moaned as if asking his assistance. The man took hold of the lion's foot, and found a large thorn in it. It was the thorn which had wounded the lion's foot. The man drew out the thorn; and the lion finding his foot much easier, seemed very good natured and pleasant. He lay down by the man and went to sleep.

The man lived in the woods a good while, with the lion ; and the lion always treated the man kindly, and brought food to him in his den. But at length the man left the den, and went back to the place he came from.

The man was soon discovered and carried to his former master. His master was very angry because he ran away. He ordered him to be thrown into a place where there was a great lion, just brought from the woods. It was expected that the lion would immediately kill the man.

But instead of killing him, the lion fell down at the man's feet like a kitten; and the man discovered that it was the same lion from whose foot he had pulled out the thorn!

Thus you see the lion remembered his friend, and showed kind feelings towards him. This was what is called gratitude. I should not like to have my little readers growl and roar like a lion, but I hope they will imitate his gratitude, and always show amiable feelings to those who have been kind to them.



THE LITTLE PRISONERS.

THE

LITTLE PRISONERS.

THERE is a picture at the beginning of the book of three little children shut up in a closet, for bad behaviour.

The girl has been idle, and neglected to get her lesson; one of the boys has shown ill temper, and the other I am sorry to say has been

guilty of the meanest of all crimes ; he had told a falsehood ! So they are all shut up together.

The girl and one of the boys have pieces of paper tied to their heads called *asses ears* ; the other boy has a board fastened to his neck, on which is written, *Rogue*.

Now, would you not think, that when children had been naughty, and when they had been shut up for being so, they would be sorry, and avoid doing wrong any more ? But it is not always so. Children who do wrong in one thing, are very apt

to do wrong in others. Little girls who will neglect their lessons and boys who will show ill-nature, or tell fibs, will not hesitate to steal sweet-meats when they get an opportunity.

Look at that girl ! how deliciously that current jelly slips over her tongue ! See those boys too ! One is on his hands and knees, while the other has taken off his shoes and stands on his back as if it were a bench ! See ! he is reaching for some marmelade, and raspberry-jam, that are upon the shelf !

O you thoughtless children! this may seem very pleasant now, but by and by your parents will discover what you have done, and they will be distressed to find, that you have added this disobedience, to other misconduct.

My dear little hearers, Peter Parley is an old man, but he has seen a great deal of the world. He has seen a great many children; some of them good and some of them bad. And let him tell you, that he has never seen disobedient children go unpunished. Sooner or later they

are made unhappy for their disobedience.

Let me tell all children another thing. Be they where they may, there is a Being who sees them. They may be alone in a room ; they may be by themselves in a street, or a field ; it may be night, or it may be day : it is all the same. That Being sees what they do ; he hears what they say ; he knows what they think. He remembers it all. The good children he approves and loves : the bad children he does not love.

If any child has been bad, let

him be sincerely sorry for it, and then go to his father or mother and confess what he has done that is wrong, and let him do so no more. He will then be forgiven, by his parents ; he will be loved by them, and by that good Being who dwells in heaven.

I once knew a man who had several children. He sent them to a very good school, when they had all an opportunity of learning alike. Among them was a little girl, who was very idle, and neglected to learn her lessons. She was very much

like the little girl in the picture who is eating current jelly.

Now one day there came to the place where this man lived, a Show man with an elephant, a lion, a tiger, and various other animals. All the children wanted exceedingly to go and see them. Their father promised that all should go, who could tell what countries these several animals came from. Accordingly he examined them separately, and having learnt their lessons well at school, they could tell where they came from, readily, all except the

idle little girl. She had neglected her lessons at school, and therefore could not tell where the animals came from. Her idleness was thus discovered, and she was not permitted to go with her brothers and sisters, to see the animals. She was very much disappointed, and was in this manner punished for her negligence and idleness. It is in some such way that the idleness or disobedience of children is usually punished.

There was a poor man in Boston who had two sons. One was amia-

ble and kind in his disposition ; the other was ill natured and passionate. The former was beloved, the latter was not beloved. The former, was taken into a store and became a merchant, and was at length a wealthy and happy man ; the other grew up, a quarrelsome and turbulent young man, and finally he lost his life in a duel.

Oh, my little readers, beware of indulging ill temper, for you cannot tell to what evils it may at some future time expose you. How much more beloved, and how much more

happy will you be, if you are pleasant and amiable; how unhappy will you be if you are sulky, ill natured or passionate.

I knew a little boy when I was young by the name of Ralph. His mother once gave him a looking-glass to carry to a shop to be repaired. He was careless and broke it. He was afraid to confess that he was careless, so he told a lie, and said to his mother that a man ran against him, and knocked the looking-glass out of his hand.

This was the first falsehood that Ralph ever told. But as he succeeded in deceiving his mother in this instance, he tried it again, and by degrees he became a sad teller of falsehoods.

Now one crime is seldom practised alone. A person who will do one wicked thing, will be likely to do others. So it was with Ralph; from telling falsehoods, he at length ventured to steal. At first he took only trifles; but when he grew to be a man, he stole greater things. He was at length detected, and was

thrown into prison and made to work very hard for many years. At length he died in prison.

I tell my little hearers these sad things, for I wish to warn them against all that is bad and dangerous. Let them never like the children in the picture be idle, or ill tempered, or tell falsehoods. Let them rather be good children in all respects, and they will then be loved and happy. If they have ever been wicked, let them confess it frankly, and do so no more, and they will be forgiven.



THE MOCKING BIRD.

THE
MOCKING BIRD.

Well, I will tell you of little Edward and his bird ; but before I commence, just look at the picture at the beginning of the book.

See ! the little mocking bird is dead ! He lies upon the cage, and Edward is crying by the side of him.

Oh ! who could have been so cruel as to kill the innocent bird ? He injured no one, but sang all the day, and delighted all who heard him by his sweet songs.

He would imitate all the other birds and often sing their own songs more sweetly than they. He would at one moment sing like the robin, and then like the canary bird : now he would repeat the notes of the meadow lark, and then imitate the

lively little wren. Sometimes he would catch the air of a flute, and trill forth the notes with a sweetness and accuracy quite astonishing.

O, who could have killed this delightful little singer? I will tell you. Do you see that cat that sits so quietly in the door? How innocent she looks! But let me tell you, that puss is a sly

deceiver. *She* killed the mocking bird ! Puss has no taste for music. She would as soon kill a mocking bird as a rat.

Poor bird ! Little Edward had fed him, and gone to bed. The little bird too was asleep, for it was night, when puss came along on tip-toe and peeped into the cage. She saw the little bird sitting on his roost. She twirled the smellers on

her nose, and gently put her paw into the cage. She then spread out her sharp crooked claws, and with a violent blow, she clutched the bird in her paws.

He screamed with all his might—but puss had no mercy. She pulled him forcibly between the wires of the cage, and stuck her sharp teeth through his breast !

In the morning, Edward came down, and went to see his mocking

bird. What was his grief, and surprise to find him dead. Look at the boy in the picture, and see how distressed he seems to be.

For a long time Edward would not be consoled for the loss of his bird. He could not endure the sight of the cat that killed it. But Edward's father made a little song about the bird, and Edward learned it by heart, and at length in repeat-

ing the song, he forgot the loss of his mocking bird. Here is the song that Edward's father made for him. My little readers can learn it by heart, if they choose.

SONG.

The little mocking bird
Sang sweetly all the day,
And from his wiry cage,
Thus the singer seemed to say.

Come all my little friends
Who love the air so well,
And listen to the tale
Of a prisoner in his cell.

Ye robins and ye larks !
I was once free as you,
And delighted o'er the lawn,
On my swift wings I flew.

At the opening of the dawn,
At the sinking of the day,
From the tree's topmost bough
I poured forth my lay.

Then other birds were near,
And they listened to my powers ;
And joyous was my breast
In those dear bright hours.

With other birds I roved
From the valley to the hill,
From the forest to the lawn;
At the prompting of my will.

Now I glanced through the air
Like an arrow from the string,
Now I shook the orchard flowers,
With the breathings of my wing.

But my liberty is fled,
And those happy days are gone,
And a prisoner here I dwell,
Broken hearted and alone.

My friends are all away,
Far, far o'er the lea,
And they cannot hear my call,
Or set the prisoner free.

O! nought is left to me,
But to sing my weary lay,
And seek to hide my grief,
By singing all the day.

I have now told you about little Edward and his mocking bird. I shall tell you some more stories when I meet you again. Good bye!





THE MASK.

THE MASK.

YES, my little friends, I will tell you some more stories with pleasure. Now look at the picture and tell me what you see. There are two little boys, who appear very much frightened at a terrible looking fellow who is coming towards them. No wonder they are so terrified ; do you think it is ? Why, almost any one would feel

alarmed to see such a monster, with a face like a giant, and such a nose and beard.

But let us look a little nearer. Who is this little fellow laughing behind the old man's face at his companions? Why, it is no one but little Henry, after all. He has got a mask on, and is mightily amused to think himself of so much importance. I dont think they would have run if they had known who it was.

Did you ever see a mask ? I dare say not. Masks are artificial faces. They are generally ugly, and have large noses, or big eyes, or large chins. Now, in some countries these masks are very common, and you can see some of them in the shop windows of Boston.

In France, a country far to the east, masks are used for christmas and other frolics. At such times the people come together in large parties. Sometimes

they all have masks on. They look singular enough, I can tell you. Some look like kings, and some like countrymen. Some are dressed like Turks, some like Greeks, and some like North-American Indians.

The boys and girls have their parties too, and try to imitate great men and women. One little fellow tries to imitate Cæsar ; another Alexander the great. One tries to look like

Gen. Washington ; another like Gen. La Fayette.

One girl carries a sceptre, and acts the part of Queen Elizabeth. Elizabeth was queen of England. One of the company is dressed like a musician, and carries a violin. So when they are all ready, he begins to play ; the rest begin to dance.

In this way the little party amuse themselves. At last they grow tired of dancing. They take off their masks,

and seat themselves in a circle, and each one tells a story. I will tell you one of these stories, which perhaps you have not heard. It is about a dog and his master. Here is a picture of the dog. Does he not look finely ?



There was once a French merchant, who went a journey, accompanied by

his faithful dog. He went this journey to get some money that another man owed him. He was fortunate, and obtained the money which he went for. He took it and put it in his bag. He then returned towards his home.

After he had rode some distance he grew tired. So he dismounted from his horse, and took off the bag containing the money. This he placed under his head for a pillow, and fell asleep.

When he awoke he rose and mount-

ed his horse. He forgot entirely that he had left his bag with the money in it under the hedge, where he had been sleeping. But his dog, who sat by and watched his master, saw that he had left the bag.

The dog could not speak. If he had been able to speak, he would have told his master that he was leaving his money behind him. So he first tried to take the bag and carry it in his mouth. But the bag was too heavy.

Try as hard as he would, he could not move it. As a last resort he tried to excite the notice of his master. He ran after him, barking and howling, and biting his horse's heels. His master had never seen him act in this manner before. He began to be afraid of his dog, and at last thought he was mad. When he saw that he did not stop at any of the brooks to drink, as he commonly did, he became certain ; for mad

dogs, you know, are very much afraid of water.

So he drew his pistol to shoot the faithful animal which had served him many years. He felt very bad to kill the poor creature ; but he thought it his duty. He fired and the dog fell. He tried to crawl towards his ungrateful master, but his master could not bear the sight, and hastened from the spot.

As he pursued his journey he could

not help reflecting upon his expiring favourite. He exclaimed to himself, ‘I had rather have lost my money than so affectionate a dog ;’ when stretching out his hand, as if to grasp the treasure, he found that it was gone.

He saw the truth at once. ‘What a wretch have I been !’ said he. ‘Poor, faithful creature ! how have I rewarded thy fidelity !’ He hastened back to the hedge where he had left his treasure. Here he found his faithful dog.

He was seated by the side of his master's bundle. He wagged his tail, licked his master's hand, and giving a low growl of affectionate recognition, expired.

Several other affecting stories were told by the little masking party. They then bid each other good night, and retired to rest. Good bye.



THE BOAT.

THE LITTLE SAILOR.

WELL, here you see are some little folks playing by the side of a pond. There is one boy whose name is Thomas. Then there is his little sister by his side. Her name is Susan. There is another person with a stick in her hand. This is their older sister, Jane,

who is so kind as to go with them, and amuse them.

You see they have got a little boat, with a paper sail, and a little wooden man for a sailor. Now, what do you think that boat is? It is a wooden shoe! In this country we wear leather shoes; but in some other countries they wear shoes of wood. It makes a smart boat, dont it?

Sailing boats in ponds is a very amusing thing; but children should

not try such kinds of play, unless they have some one to take care of them, as this little boy and girl have.

I once heard of a boy ; he was sailing a little boat, made of a chip, by the side of a pond. His foot slipped, and he fell into the water. He had a dog. The dog's name was Trip. Trip caught hold of his little master, and pulled him out of the water. If Trip had not been there he would have been drowned.

But I have known some boys who have gone in large boats, called ships, such as they go to Europe in, and to Asia and Africa. Some of these ships are very large. Many of them will hold a thousand men. You remember I have told you about a little soldier. I will now tell you about a little sailor. His name was Thomas. Perhaps the same Thomas that you see represented in the picture. Little Thomas was a good boy. He loved his pa-

rents and friends, and was beloved by them.

Now Thomas had an uncle who was a sailor. He commanded a ship, and had sailed a great many times upon the ocean. He told Thomas what he had seen upon the ocean, and Thomas wanted to go with him. So he asked his parents and they said he might go.

The vessel sailed for China. When you come to study geography you will learn where China is situated. Now,

Thomas saw a great many wonderful things while he was going to China. Perhaps you would like to have me tell you some things that Thomas saw. Well, I will tell you some.

On the ocean he saw a whale playing in the water. Though the whale was as large as a house, it moved very swiftly and very easily. It was strong enough to destroy the largest vessel. But it never did any harm, unless provoked or injured. By and by he saw

the little whale-boat creeping towards the whale. It looked like a speck by the side of the monster. The whale did not notice the boat; if he had, he could very easily have rolled over and sunk the men and boat in the ocean. One of the men in the boat had a long spear in his hand, called a harpoon. The harpoon had a rope tied to it. This sharp instrument he stuck into the whale. The whale tried very hard to get away, but the men held

fast to the rope, and so the whale was taken and killed. People get oil from whales, such as we burn in our lamps. When you see this oil you will recollect about the whale. Here is a picture of the whale.



Thomas also saw some other curious things while he was going to China.

He saw a great serpent, or snake, called the anaconda. This snake is not like one of our snakes ; it is as long as a tree, and when it is quiet it looks very much like a large log. When it is hungry it will sometimes eat large animals as big as oxen. The people are very much afraid of the anacondas ; but they sometimes are able to kill them. When you get old enough to study natural history you will learn where these snakes and other curious

animals are found. Here is a picture of an anaconda.



Thomas at last came to China. I have not time to tell you all the things that he saw in China. But I will tell

you one thing. He saw them make tea. Tea is nothing but the leaf of a plant ; the same as the leaf of a peach tree or pear tree. The people pick these leaves and dry them, and put them in boxes. These leaves are brought to this country, and we buy them. This is the way we get our tea. When you come to study botany you will learn all about these things.

Thomas staid in China a long time, but at last he returned home to Boston.

He had grown a great deal ; so much that his father and mother did not know that it was Thomas. He told them that it was their son Thomas, and then he told them all that he had seen. They were very glad to find that he had improved so much. Thomas made a good man, and at last became captain of a ship. So he was always called Captain Thomas. But we have got to the end of our walk. So, good b'ye.



